

CANNON INDORSED AT SPRINGFIELD

ILLINOIS REPUBLICANS DECLARE
FOR THE SPEAKER FOR
PRESIDENT.

**Tariff Revision Urged—Administration
of Gov. Deneen is Approved—Dem-
ocrats of Iowa Become Enthusiastic
Over Bryan.**

Springfield, Ill., Mar. 27.—The Republicans of Illinois Thursday enthusiastically endorsed Joseph G. Cannon as a candidate for the presidency, declared in favor of a revision of the tariff and elected four delegates-at-large to the national convention. The men chosen are United States Senators Shelby M. Cullom and Albert J. Hopkins, Gov. Charles S. Deneen and Mayor Fred A. Busch of Chicago.

The convention also endorsed the administration of Gov. Deneen and that of all other state officers. The candidacy of Gov. Deneen to succeed himself was not mentioned, it being understood that only matters of national import were to come before the convention.

Iowans All for Bryan.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Mar. 27.—Bryan's name came justly from every Democratic throat at the state convention Thursday. Bryanites who have been loyal through all the years were selected as delegates-at-large, the platform adopted was Bryan's Nebraska platform recast, and the endorsement of Bryan in the Omaha platform was made stronger and more eloquent by his Iowa admirers.

Delegates-at-large chosen are: Claude R. Porter of Centerville, Jerry B. Sullivan of Des Moines, E. J. Dunn of Mason City and C. F. Duncombe of Fort Dodge.

Indiana Democratic Ticket.

Indianapolis, Ind., Mar. 27.—The Indiana Democratic state convention closed its two days' session Thursday night after naming a state ticket, adopting a platform and instructing the 30 delegates to the national convention to vote for William J. Bryan for president. John W. Kern of this city was endorsed for the vice-presidential nomination.

There were six candidates for governor and the nomination made on the fifth ballot. There were four ballots for lieutenant governor. The state ticket nominated was:

For governor, Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City; for lieutenant governor, Frank J. Hall, Rushville; for secretary of state, James F. Vox, Columbus; for auditor of state, Marion Bailey, Linton; for state treasurer, John Isenbarger, North Manchester; for attorney general, Walter J. Lotz, Muncie; for supreme court judge, M. B. Lairy, Logansport; for appellate court judge, E. W. Felt, Greenfield; for reporter of the supreme court, Burt New, North Vernon; for state statistician, Patrick J. Kelleher, Indianapolis; for superintendent of public instruction, Robert J. Aley, Bloomington.

MICHIGAN HAS BIG STORM.

**Tornado Near Jackson and Blizzard
in Upper Peninsula.**

Detroit, Mich., Mar. 28.—A tornado near Jackson, in the southern part of the state, late Friday afternoon, and a blizzard with heavy snow fall in the upper peninsula at night were the extremes of a general storm that struck Michigan Friday. The tornado did considerable damage to farm property around Blackman and Woodville, northwest and west of Jackson. Barns were split, windmills destroyed and orchards uprooted, but no loss of life has been reported.

Burlington, Ia., Mar. 28.—A report from New Boston, Ia., a town about ten miles west of Fort Madison on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, states that a cyclone struck that place Friday night, blowing 12 freight cars from the tracks, demolishing a church and injuring a number of people. No one is reported to have been killed.

Students Held for Rioting.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Mar. 27.—C. Roy Rook of Bowen, Ill., one of the 15 students arrested during the outbreak at the Star theater ten days ago, was bound over Thursday to the circuit court for trial on the charge of rioting. Bail was fixed at \$1,000, with two sureties. Rook's examination took but a few hours, in contrast to that of O. C. Emerick of Galveston, Ill., which extended over nearly a week. Emerick was bound over to the circuit court Wednesday and his bail was also fixed at \$1,000.

Fine and Jail for Perjurer.

Milwaukee, Mar. 27.—August Wetzel, president of the Wetzel Brothers Printing company, appeared before Judge Quarles in the federal court Thursday afternoon, withdrew his plea of not guilty to an indictment for perjury, and substituted a plea of guilty. Wetzel was indicted by the federal grand jury in connection with the T. E. Cameron frauds. Judge Quarles fined him \$1,000 and sentenced him to one day's imprisonment in the Milwaukee county jail.

New Hotel for Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, Minn., Mar. 27.—J. E. Rogers, proprietor of the Rogers hotel of this city, Thursday announced his plans for the erection of a 16-story hotel at Fourth street and Nicollet avenue, at a cost exceeding \$1,000,000. The building will contain 219 rooms.

WHEN A MAN QUEERS HIMSELF.

**How a Drummer's Joke Made a Good
Thing for Others.**

"Oh, yes, I am on the road for the same old firm and at the same old wages," said the drummer as a look of disgust crossed his face, "and I never expect to get anything better. When a man queers himself good and hard once he seldom gets another look in."

Something happen to you?" was asked.

"Two years ago when I had a western route, I struck the laziest, sleepiest village in the United States. I never saw such a place before or since. Dead asleep, and I don't believe the whole population had a hundred dollars in cash. I was put out at not being able to do business, and thinking to play a joke on the town I asked the landlord of the inn what he would take for his place. It was worth perhaps a thousand dollars, but, of course, he doubled the sum. I said I'd take it as soon as the deeds could be made out. Then I went out and bought a shop, a store and six dwellings in the same way, permitting the owners to name their price. Within half a day I had 'em woke up. I offered to buy three or four farms in the country around."

"All for a joke?"

"All for a joke. I hadn't \$50 to my name. The usual result followed. Every one became suspicious that I had a big thing on and refused to sell. The excitement continued, and, as a matter of fact, a big manufactory was located there, a railroad was built, shops established, and to-day it is a bustling little city. I gave it its start. If I'd have gone at it like a business man I could have secured a hundred options and been in the swim, but as it was I was left out of the good thing and never expect to strike another. I'm not kidding. That's the drummer's luck. Sugar goes up and sugar goes down, he stays right there."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

As the Engineer Explained It.

"It is said that unless one can impart information one does not really possess it. The late Prof. Angelo Hellprin used to tell a story, says the Washington Star, illustrative of this point. The professor himself had a most learned and lucid mind. Not only could he master a question; he could lay it so clearly before you that you became master of it, too."

Two commercial travelers on the way from Reading to Philadelphia once got into an argument over the action of the vacuum brake.

"It's the inflation of the tube that stops the train," declared the first traveler.

"Wrong, wrong!" shouted the second. "It's the output of the exhaust."

So they wrangled for an hour. Then, when the train arrived in Philadelphia, they agreed to submit the matter for settlement to the engineer. That gentleman, leaning condescendingly from the window of his cab, listened with an attentive frown to the two travelers' statement of their argument. Then he smiled, shook his head, and said:

"Well, gents, ye're both wrong about the workin' of the vacuum brake. Yet it's very simple and easy to understand. When we want to stop the train we just turn this 'ere tap, and then we fill the pipe with vacuum."

Ceremony of Calling in Spain.

Calling in Spain bristles with ceremony. When a first visit is paid, the hostess says at parting: "Your honor has taken possession of your house, for all I have is yours."

If anything during the call is admired, the remark follows at once: "It is at your disposal."

The answer to which must be: "I hope my hostess will enjoy it for many years."

When means allow of it, a woman has her box at the theater. In this the scene between the acts often resembles an "at home," while at the end of the play visiting is carried on for an hour or more while the audience is nominally awaiting its carriages.

A hardship in a Spanish woman's life is the long period of mourning into which she is plunged for even quite distant relatives. For a cousin, seen perhaps but once, and who has died a hundred miles away, black is worn for a year, during which time all visiting is stopped, the piano is locked and no one looks out of the window.

War Settlement Warrant.

A curiosity in the form of a "war settlement warrant" was issued recently to John I. Curtin of Bellefont, Pa., for the sum of 67 cents. It is now about 44 years since Gen. Curtin was mustered out of the service, and in all these years he never dreamed that he had any such claim against the United States government. It appears that in calculating the time of his enlistment an error was made, and this was just recently discovered. The number of the order is 13,021, which indicates that there were a few claims paid before this one.

Chauveurs of the Eighteenth Century.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century a band of French brigands flourished in and about the forest of La Muette, close to Merceville. To these "Pigres," as they called themselves, the common people gave another name. All over France they were known as the "chauveurs," from their use of fire, applied to the feet of their victims who would not tell where their money was hidden.

SAVED BY THE TYKE

INSTANCE OF QUICK THINKING
ON CRITICAL OCCASION.

Probable Total Loss of Man-of-War
Averted by Mere Apprentice—
His Warrant Officer's Uni-
form Well Merited.

Quite a number of former apprentices are wearing the uniforms of warrant officers in our service because they were quick thinking boys on critical occasions.

One of them was extraordinarily handy with his knife one day when the ship on board of which he was serving as apprentice had a swell chance to go to the bottom, but for him. They were having heavy gun and conning tower practice. The skipper was doing some firing from his position in the conning tower by touching the electric button alongside of him. The apprentice was acting as the skipper's messenger during that practice.

Projectile and charge had been rammed into one of the six-inch guns on the main deck. Some confusion in orders came about. At any rate the skipper had his finger within a couple of inches of the electric button ready to press it and thus discharge the six-inch gun, when the apprentice was on the job. Standing just outside the conning tower and having from that position a view of the gun ahead to be fired, the youngster observed that the breech of the six-inch gun hadn't yet been closed, and there was the skipper on the very pin point of touching the button that would fire the gun with the unlocked breech. If the gun went off in that condition there was the finest kind of a chance for the recoil of the immense piece to drive the gun right through the ship's bottom.

The apprentice didn't have much time to think, but he didn't need much. He figured it all out in an instant that if he yelled at the skipper that the breech wasn't locked the suddenness of the yell might so startle the skipper that his finger would involuntarily come down on the button and thus discharge the gun. The boy's ship's knife with the big blade was in his left hand shirt pocket hanging there for its lanyard. He had it out and the blade open in an incredibly short space of time, and he made one cat-like dab with the sharp blade of the knife at the electric wire belonging to the button that led right alongside where the boy was standing by the conning tower. The blade cut the wire in two a fraction of a second before the skipper's finger reached the button, breaking the electric connection and in every likelihood preventing a tremendous calamity.

The boy was only a tyke and not very strong, and just as soon as he slashed the wire he fell forward on his face in a dead faint—an odd thing, too, that, for a boy serving on a man-of-war, and yet the incident wasn't an ordinary one. The skipper raised his head the instant he touched the button and saw what had happened; the loose ends of the cut electric wire, the prone boy and all the rest of it. Then he darted out of the conning tower and saw the breech of the big gun still unlocked. He understood it all long before the boy was brought around to consciousness. That boy had no sooner finished his days of apprenticeship before he wore the warrant officer's uniform of a gunner.

Remarkable Criminal Record.

To-day a remarkable execution has taken place in this city, the like of which has never happened even in the annals of Chinese executions.

The man who was executed was found guilty of highway robbery and sentenced to be beheaded. He is the seventh of the family to suffer the extreme penalty in this city.

The parents gave birth to eight boys, and from whatever causes it is impossible for me to say, the whole family have just given themselves up body and soul to evil. The poor old mother escorted this, her seventh son, to the execution ground walling her dreadful fate the whole way. On arrival the magistrate, fearing she might cause trouble, had her forcibly removed outside the crowd until all was over, when she ran back to the bleeding headless body of her poor boy and again took up her wailing.—Sui-fu correspondence Shanghai Mercury.

Coat Made from Loons' Breasts.

The breasts of 365 loons made into a coat! This is the strange garment shown in the window of a downtown shoe company. The manager knows little of the history of the coat except what is told on the card exhibited in the window.

"The company is sending the coat around to be shown in its various stores," he said. "How it came into its possession I do not know."

The breast of a loon is about four inches square and each bears a white spot in its center. The number of pieces in the coat, therefore, can be counted readily. As these birds are very difficult to shoot, many years must have been required to make the collection.—Kansas City Star.

Has Found River's Sources.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, states that he has discovered the true sources of the Brahmaputra and Indus. The Brahmaputra, he says, is the Kubitampo, which rises from an enormous glacier on the northern side of the northern-most parallel range of the Himalayas. The Marum-cu, which has hitherto been regarded as the source, is merely a small tributary flowing in from the west.

ONLY ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM.

"Big Bill" Devery's Idea of Dealing
with Bookmakers.

Big Bill Devery has told New York how to beat a bookmaker—a tip that the town has been seeking for some time. Two Australian wire sharks were introduced to him under an assumed name as a sucker who would bite at a wire tapping idea. After the scheme had been broached, here is what took place: "I haven't got any ready money," Devery mused, when they had finished outlining the scheme. "But I suppose I could raise \$10,000 or so on the farm. Would that do for a start?" "Well, of course, Mr. Devery, if that's all you can raise. But you really ought to go to it for the house and lot. It's a swell chance to make a fortune in a hurry." "I know it," agreed Devery. "That's what I used to tell the boobies when I was chief of police and they came to me with their hollers. 'It's a good thing,' I says to them, 'and I don't see why you don't get a million out of it.' But they were always there with a foolish holler about the horse coming in second and the wire man getting away with the coin. Something like that was always happening to crab the act." The Australians were on their feet and edging towards the door. "Oh, don't hurry, boys," said Devery, reassuringly. "I ain't on the job now. Man named Bingham's tending to that work. But I was the best chief New York ever had, all right, all right." "Must be some mistake," stuttered one of the Australians. "No—no offense, I hope."

"Oh, not a bit," was Devery's cheerful reply. "But I don't think I'll go into it. When I want to beat the book-makers I'll take a night stick."

Carnegie—"Scotch Devil."

"I remember I attracted some attention one day. I was a telegraph operator down in Pennsylvania," said Andrew Carnegie. "Over my head was T. A. Scott, that great railroad man. He was supposed to direct the movement of the trains on that division, giving orders at his command. I signed his name to the orders.—T. A. S."

"One day he was away. The trains were all late. The eastern express was three hours late. The freight boys were lying about the yard waiting for orders. Remembering Nelson, I said to myself: 'Death or Westminster Abbey.' I began getting out the trains, signing all orders 'T. A. S.' Then the chief came in."

"Come, come, Andy, how did these trains get out?"

"Why, I gave the orders. I couldn't sit here like a dummy, with things getting behind and all mixed up. I have given the orders many a time with you standing over me. I knew what you would have done."

"Well, he didn't approve at all of my action to me. But I heard him say a day or so after to a big man, with little disapproval in his voice:

"Do you know what that little white-haired Scotch devil did the other night? He ran every train on the division himself."

"That was the turning point in my career."

Misunderstood.

Of Henry James, who, to the distress of many of his admirers, is revising "Daisy Miller," the "Portrait of a Lady" and his other early works, a Chicago publisher said the other day:

"Here is something funny that happened during Mr. James' visit to Philadelphia."

"Two housemaids in the downtown house where he stopped were discussing him."

"He's a very flimsy, fussy gentleman," said the first.

"Indeed, you're right, he is," the other agreed, warmly. "He caught me using one of his razors one morning to pry open a stiff window with and kicked up an awful row. Some folks hate a bit of fresh air."

Baptized in Ice Water.

Religion must cut a good deal of ice down in Norristown, Pa., if reports from there are true. With the thermometer 12 below zero and a cutting wind over the hills two girls converts of the Mennonite church were baptized in Hatfield creek. Rev. Frank Haws presided and stood in the icy water to his waist, while Miss Florence Smith and Eva Brunner walked down into the creek. The ice was four inches thick where the preacher broke the hole for his newly acquired sheep, and his teeth were chattering while he immersed the girls. Meanwhile on the bank the congregation sang:

"Christians, if your hearts are warm, ice and snow can do no harm."

At the same time the girls say it was mighty cold.

One of His Peculiarities.

"There's no use in trying to understand my husband. He's either the politest or the contrariest man on the face of the earth—I don't know which."

"What have you found out about him now?"

"Why, when he sees one of these advertisements or posters headed, 'Don't Read This,' he doesn't read it."

An Achievement.

"And you dare to criticize the financial ability of the government?" exclaimed the energetic citizen.

"I'm not criticizing. But I fail to see any extraordinary brilliancy."

"That shows how unappreciative some people can be. What other government has turned out \$30 gold pieces, whose value went up to \$30 inside of a month?"

PLACES PATIENCE ABOVE ALL.

Supreme Quality in Good Wife, Ac-
cording to This Writer.

Patience is the supreme quality of a good wife.

When humanity shall have evolved a perfect race of men there will be less need of this virtue in women. Now it is chief of the indispensable qualities. For the twentieth-century wife must inevitably learn that she has married an imperfect creature many degrees below the god of her girl-fancy. And for the facing of this unwelcome fact she requires abundant patience.

Woman's most blessed work in the world is the long, long task of fostering the blossoms and ripening the fruit of character in the young. For this there is need of a patience half divine.

"You are growing to have the look in your face that mother has. You don't look like us boys any more," said a boy to his sister. That new look which the boy noted but could not name was patience. There is scarcely a wifely virtue but by over-indulgence may become a defect. Yet no wife has ever had too large a stock of patience. The patient wife forgives her husband's ill-humors. She discounts his failures and exaggerates his successes.—Chicago American.

WENT TOO FAR INTO FUTURE.

Fortune Teller's Last Words Caused
Quick Change of Opinion.

"You are going to be married with-
in a year," said the fortune teller who
guaranteed to give satisfaction.

The young lady heaved a glad sigh. "You will go to Europe on your wedding trip."

The beautiful girl drew two or three glad sighs and murmured:

"Go on, please."

"He will be rather tall and he will have dark hair."

The girl trembled with joy. She had been skeptical when she sat down. Now she was convinced that the fortune teller was blessed with second sight.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"You will have plenty of money, and you will live in another city."

"I am sure it must be George," said the girl, forgetting in her joy that she was speaking out loud. "Do you see anything else in my hand?"

The fortune teller looked again and studied the lines carefully.

"Yes," she said at length, "you will have six children, and—"

"I believe you are a vulgar fraud," angrily declared the young lady as she picked up her gloves and hastily departed.

First to Use Sewing Machine.

Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourn, said to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine, is now living at Winsted, Conn. She was teaching in Hartford when she called one day at the workshop of Elias Howe to see the new invention which she had heard talked about.

Howe received her cordially, and after explaining the working of the machine asked her if she would care to try how it would work. She was delighted at the idea, but felt some timidity on account of her total ignorance of machinery. After being assured by Howe that the mechanism of his invention was not so delicate as she imagined, she took her seat and ran up a short seam. When she got up from the machine he said to her:

"You are the first woman in this world who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine."

Pointing a Moral.

"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "did you ever watch one o' dis here little tug-boats come snortin' along takin' kyah of a great big ocean liner?"

"Yas, indeed," answered Pick-aninny Jim.

"An' did you ever see one o' dese 'lectric motors pick up a han'some, shiny locomotive an' drag it frou de Baltimore tunnel?"

"Lots o' times."

"An' did you ever see a quiet o' knee-sprung white hoss pullin' a helpless automobile to town?"

"I sho' has."

"Well, sonny, dem's all to remind you dat no matter how big or important an' stylish you gits, dar ain't no tellin' when you may need help frou somebody dat don't seem to cut no figure wuf mentionin'."

Veteran Sailor Now Retired.

Rear Admiral Henry S. Lyon, hero of the Samoan disaster in 1889, victim of three wrecks, and veteran of the civil and Spanish wars, was recently retired and settled down to a humdrum life in the little village of Paris, Mo. The law says that the retiring age in the navy is 62, though physically the admiral is as good as ever, and has as fine a stock of nautical knowledge and experience as any man living. When given shore duty it was largely as an ordnance officer or inspector of ordnance, torpedoes and small arms, regarding which he is a recognized expert.

Heavy Tips.

"Yes," said the talkative barber, "in recent years we barbers expect tips."

"I'll give you three," sputtered the man in the chair, as he blew the lather out of his mouth.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Yes, I'll give you a tip that this shaving soap tastes like axle grease, the razor feels like a saw and if you don't stop clipping the skin off my ear I'll get up and thrash you within an inch of your life."

Hard Thrust.

"We come to your city and write up your manners and customs," scoffed the haughty New Yorker.

"Why don't some of your brains come to Gotham and write up our manners and customs?"

"We might write up your customs," replied the Chicago man, indelicately, "but we'd have a hard time finding your manners."

DIDN'T TAKE ANY MORE NOTES.

Colored Preacher's Experience Had
Taught Him to Prefer Cash.

A northern minister, who was spending the winter in the south for the benefit of his health and at the same time pursuing with accustomed vigor the work of his church among the whites of the Piedmont section of upper Carolina, devoted much of his spare time to the study of conditions among the colored people. It was in a prosperous rural community, where the two races are about numerically equal, that this incident occurred:

One morning while driving along the public road the minister met a negro preacher of the neighborhood, of whom he had seen but little, but whose confidence he had apparently already won. The negro was what is commonly called a "locus" preacher. The conversation, at first varied with comments upon the little things of common interest, naturally drifted to the subject of religion.

"Now, tell me something of your work," asked the minister. "Do you take notes for your sermons?"

"Wal, no," admitted the brother in black cautiously. "I useter be guilty of dat, fo' a fact, but I'es reformed by 'sperience. Since I come to know dese niggers at dere rale wuth, I 'quies de cash. Notes is no good roon' beah."—Baltimore American.

MARK TWAIN AS A FINANCIER.

Humorist Earned \$3 in Transaction,
and Then Was Bunked.

Mark Twain blossomed out with a new dog's tale at the weekly banquet of the Pleiades club at the Lafayette-Brevort. The theme of the humorist was: "How It Pays to Be Honest—When It Doesn't Hurt Yourself." He said he was starving with a chap named Davis, in Washington, in the latter '60s, and Davis told Twain to go out and rummage for \$3 for Scotch whisky, while he'd stay home.

Twain said he walked into a hotel and came on the prettiest dog he had ever seen in the lobby.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles came in with three months' salary. Miles saw Twain fondling the dog, and offered Twain \$10 for the animal.

"I haven't any right to sell this dog for \$10," answered the humorist, "but if you'll give me \$3 you can take the pup away."

Miles paid the \$3 and took it away. The real owner rushed in.

"I'll find your dog for \$3," said Twain. The owner agreed. Twain walked upstairs, told Miles the situation, and got the dog back by paying \$3, then received \$3 for restoring it to the owner. He took three quarts back home to Davis, who drank it all and ignored Twain.—New York Sun.

Tragedy of an Opera.

Guglielmo Goggi, a musical student, aged 20 years, committed suicide in Rome under particularly dramatic circumstances.

He had been engaged in composing an opera, and his fiancée, a beautiful girl of 18 years, was writing the libretto. She had frequently told him that she felt too weak to go on with it, but he urged her to try to finish a work which, he said, would revolutionize the artistic world.

A week ago the opera was completed, but the girl had meanwhile become dangerously ill.

The young lover was seized with remorse, for he realized that he had brought on the illness by making his fiancée work so hard.

He rushed to her bedside, and after tearing the opera into shreds he implored her forgiveness. He then opened the window and threw himself to the street below.

The girl died an hour later.—London Express.

Lessons in Laughter.

"I often think," said a teacher of singing, "that vocal training might profitably include lessons in laughing."

"Most people would